

King Steve by Fanflick

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Genre: M/M

Language: English

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Summary:

Billy Hargrove moved to Hawkins while King Steve is running the school back in season 1. They quickly became friends, but Billy is trying to claim the title for himself.

1. Pretty boy.

Author's Note:

I wrote this really quick because I was inspired by the idea of King Steve meeting Billy. I hope you enjoy it and if you can please leave me a comment. I hope more people use this concept because it is a lot of fun. Thank you for taking the time to read my story and this message.

To say Billy Hargrove was pissed about the move would be an understatement, he was absolutely furious. The drive alone took over thirty-two hours for this hick town and Billy loathed everything about it.

Back at his high school he was large and in charge, but now he would have to start all over again. The chicks were probably buck-ugly and clingy as Hell. Yeah, moving to Hawkins was torture for Billy.

Those days in the sun with sand between his toes were no more and now he had to prepare for his sophomore year at a new school. His father forced them to move just in time for the school year to start ensuring that Billy wouldn't catch a break over the summer.

Plus driving Max and having to watch over her was another hurdle he had to go through. They were in a small town, she could bike herself to school like the other nerds.

Whether he liked it or not, which he didn't, he had to overcome all of this if he wanted to live to the age of eighteen. Then it is goodbye Hawkins and hello California again.

Billy knew what he had to do once he parked his car, and with music so loud the ground trembled he made a statement. He was here and no one was going to boss him around.

He marched down the halls, winking at all the fugly girls as he made his way to the office. He glanced at his new schedule and made it to his first class of the day, English and Literature.

Back in California Billy was decent at school, but glancing at the syllabus before walking in Billy knew class was going to be boring. Books from Shakespeare and Jane Austen filled the list and he already read the books his Freshmen year.

"This is Billy Hargrove from California, I want everyone give him a warm welcome to our class. Why don't you tell us something about yourself Mr. Hargrove?" The frail teacher didn't allow him to instantly grab an empty seat.

"You can just call me Billy, there isn't much to say." Billy gave the class a charming performance, but the teacher wasn't letting him go just yet.

"There has to be something you could tell the class. What do you like to do on the weekends?" The shrill hag said, and just before Billy could say anything someone walked into the room.

"Mr. Harrington, there must be a reason why you are tardy this morning." She questioned as a polo wearing teenager shrugged.

"I was deciding whether or not I would skip this class." He replied as the class chuckled.

Now normally the teacher would give him detention, but instead she sighed with, "Go take your seat boys." And with the Billy got an idea who is top dog around these parts.

It didn't take long before the school was buzzing about the new student from California with the great ass and unique personality. Now Billy had a plan to become king of the school, but right now he was playing it cool while gathering information.

A dweeb thought he could be pals with Billy and instantly jumped at the chance to talk to him. His name was Eugene or something along the lines of "please beat me up."

This is how he learned that Steve Harrington, or King Steve was the one running the show. A little rich boy who partied and apparently killed it at playing basketball. He was also known as a heart-breaker, but still girls were willing to date him.

Billy was definitely going to show him the true King of Hawkins at the after school tryouts. Once Eugene was useless to him, Billy easily cut that relationship off at the seams. He rather spend the day flirting than playing Dungeons and Dragons with some nerd.

When Lunch time rolled around Billy planned to go eat in his car, no way in Hell he was going to eat alone at a table. He needed to come off as cool and independent if he was going to make it.

However, right as he was about to start walking out of the cafeteria someone called out for him.

"Hey, you are the new kid right?" Steve asked as Tommy and Carol sat next to him. Billy has heard a lot about those two also, and he smirked as he walked up to them.

"Yeah, I am." He strongly replied hoping to see Steve turn away or possibly panic. Instead, there was this fire in his eyes as he cockily asked him to sit down with them.

"I have heard a lot about you, King Steve." Billy nonchalantly chowed down on his sandwich, wishing he had something to wash down the sickly sweet taste of marshmallow fluff.

Personally he enjoyed a good old peanut butter and jelly sandwich, but Max just had to use the rest of the jam for her breakfast. His father slapped him for whining about it, and he tried his best to act tough.

"Good things I hoped. Want my milk? I don't really care for regular milk, but that's all they had." Steve offered the cartoon and before Billy could tell him he didn't like pity, Tommy started to whine.

"Dude, just let me do it." Steve commented as he opened the apple sauce like he was his mother. That is when Billy realized that the big man on campus was basically a mom.

Right then and there Billy decided how he would humiliated Steve, but he would first need to gain his trust. Therefore Billy took the milk and acted friendly as he secretly plotted King Steve's demise.

It didn't take much to be in their little group, and within a week Billy

was Steve's new muscle along with Tommy. For example a wimpy freshman laughed when Tommy slipped while the basketball players running laps.

Steve glared at the kid and Billy instantly remembered which freshman it was. The next day after school Tommy and him shoved the kid into the trashcan, while Carol and Steve watched. Everyone knew not to mess with Steve or anyone within their party.

Billy loved how he was able to let some steam off on freshman while the teachers turned the other cheek. He soon learned that Steve's father was funding the school with donations and if Steve got in trouble then he would stop.

Still, Billy didn't really like how Steve was the one bossing them around. He was the one who said enough was enough and it didn't take long before it got under his skin.

"Chill, this weekend Steve's parents are out of town and you know what that means." Tommy smiled with glee as they got changed for the showers.

"It better mean a party." Billy huffed as he stuffed the dirty clothes into his locker. "No, Steve doesn't want people touching all of his parents things," Tommy explained as Billy tried his best not to knock him out.

"But that means we can totally drink the good stuff from his dad's liquor cabinet, plus Carol gets extra vocal when we are doing it in his parent's bedroom." Tommy smirked as he patted Billy's back.

Billy calmed himself down, he just needed to get laid soon or else he was going to blow his chance at being the alpha of the school. He could play this to his advantage, and as he turned the shower faucet on he grinned at Steve.

"Hey, King Steve how do you feel about smoking some good green stuff from California?" Billy tried his best not to lick his lips as he took in Steve's nakedness.

When he first saw Steve he thought he was too skinny to be the head

honcho of this place, but during practice he noted the lean muscle he had. Billy bite the inside of his cheek, steadying himself, Hawkins would totally beat you down if they found out the truth.

"Seriously? That would be awesome man, just don't smoke it inside the house. We could try it outside near my pool." Steve washed the shampoo out of his hair as Tommy got excited. Of course Steve had a fucking pool.

Friday night came sooner than Billy thought, he packed what he needed and swiftly left his house. His father doesn't care what he does during the weekend as long as he came home Sunday night to drive Max to school.

He parked his car just outside the large house, he could already hear the loud music playing from the backyard. He choose to be late, to add onto his bad boy reputation.

The front door was open and he let himself in without any hesitation. There were no neighbors for at least a mile and added to the eeriness that Hawkins had for some reason.

He glanced at the modern art that adorn the walls, no pictures of Steve growing up at all. He assumed houses like this would have a photo or two of the family, but no. Billy tried to focus and instead made his way to the backyard.

There they were sitting on the outdoor lounge chairs, Tommy and Steve were shotgunning beers while Carol cheered. Billy was honestly impressed that pretty boy could chug a beer that quick, it reminded him of his friends back in California.

Steve was the first to notice him, "Hey man, did you bring the stuff?" And soon enough they were drinking and smoking the weed, Billy knew he would need more later on.

"Oh, fuck that's actually smooth?" Steve sounded surprised after exhaling the joint. Tommy and Carol were lightweights and already splashing in the pool while Billy and Steve relaxed on the edge. Billy liked how the heated water felt on his toes, and wondered how high Steve was.

"California is where all the good stuff is at." Billy replied as he made sure Steve got more stoned than him, right now he was feeling a good buzz.

"What was it like there?" Steve asked and that shocked Billy, now Billy assumed Steve would ask him about how many chicks he banged or how much he could drink. That type of question sounded too genuine, but the weed helped him answer it.

"It was great, it was warm and there was so much you could do. Go to the beach, eat some seafood, and the girls were like models. Not the cows over here." Billy gave a cruel chuckle as he recalled how wiling the girls were here.

"Sounds cool, I wished I could go someday." Steve smiled at Billy, and he could feel his face heat up. Steve was certainly starting to look more prettier than the boys back in California.

It was the way he acted, how he laughed at Billy's jokes that started to make Billy worry. Still, he had a plan and he was going to stick to it.

Then all of a sudden Steve was pulled into the water by both Tommy and Carol. Billy laughed while stripping off his jacket, he decided to join them and jumped into the pool. They splashed at each other, but when then the couple started to get frisky Steve knew they had to get out.

Steve handed Billy a towel as Tommy and Carol sneaked away to the master bedroom, leaving them alone.

"Let's go to my room, I might have something you can wear while your clothes dry." Steve stated as he leaded him up the stairs. Steve yawned as he he searched for a pair of sweats that Billy could fit in.

Eventually he found a pair, and handed it over to Billy. "Now maybe I can lend you a shirt and some underwear also," Steve started before Billy started to strip everything off.

"Don't worry, I don't need it since I go commando anyways." Billy smirked as Steve turned away, he had a nice pinkness to his cheeks.

"That's good." Steve scratched his head as he found himself something to wear. Not wanting to act like a coward he also changed in front of Billy.

"So now what?" Billy asked as Steve laid down in his own bed, feeling the full affect of the drug. "I am tired." Steve yawned and closed his eyes, he was asleep in minutes.

Billy couldn't believe his luck and quickly retrieved the camera from his jacket. This method was a foolproof way to make anyone into a social outcast.

Billy locked the door and walked over to the side where Steve was sleeping, he rubbed himself feeling the tingles of pleasure run down his spine. It didn't take long before he got hard, and he slipped himself out of the pants to place the erection on Steve's face.

He had to bite a groan as he traced his cock around Steve's lips, making it look like King Steve was about to suck cock. Billy made sure to snap a couple of photos, trying his best to ensure a convincing picture.

However, the third picture is when Steve opened his eyes. Billy was about to panic before Steve reached out to grab his erection, Billy gasped as he felt a gentle grasp as if Steve was trying to understand what was happening.

Steve stroked it up and down before leaning in to lick the head of his cock. Billy couldn't hold in his moan as Steve started to lick the shaft. His eyes were hazy and his pupils were wide as can be.

"Billy?" Steve slurred as he started to wake up more, but he still had this fire in his eyes that secretly made Billy tremble. Steve rolled onto his stomach, and held himself up by his elbows.

He stared directly at the hard cock before Billy reached out and brush his fingers through Steve's wet hair.

He tugged it and heard Steve give out a filthy moan before he started sucking on the head. Billy had no idea if it was the drugs or alcohol making Steve act like this, but he really needed to get off.

"So good, fucking hot." Billy groaned as Steve glanced at him as he tried to take in more. This wasn't the most experienced blowjob he has ever gotten, but something about seeing those wide eyes make it feel amazing.

Or maybe it is knowing that King Steve is servicing him and moaning as he nuzzle his balls. Steve kept stroking while sucking on one of the balls, sliding his tongue to the other one.

Billy could feel his climax coming, but he didn't want to finish yet. He roughly tugged Steve off of him, hearing his lips pop loudly as they take a second to look at each other.

Then Steve tried to get his mouth back onto Billy, but again Billy gripping him by his hair doesn't allow it. Billy needed to know what the fuck was going on, sure it felt great yet he was confused.

"Is it this what you want?" Billy smirked as he gasped his cock with the other hand, watching Steve eye it before nodding.

"Use your words, or else I have no idea what you want." Billy added and he leer as Steve licked his lips. "Well, well, well it looks like King Steve needed a good cock to make him kneel for once." Billy couldn't stop himself from murmuring out.

"I want your cock, there are you happy?" Steve's voice sounded wreck, but he still had this cockiness that drove Billy mad.

"But what do you want to do with my cock? Suck me dry or how about I fuck you with it? Would you like that, to have me fill you there? Billy wondered if he smoked too much also.

"Fuck, yeah. But how?" Steve sounded eager, but Billy was sure he had no idea how two men could fuck. Billy noted the lotion on the table and leaned down to Steve's ear.

"I open you up here and drive myself in until it becomes too much." Billy stopped touching himself and instead pressed against Steve's ass. Then with the hand that held onto Steve's head he shoved him down onto the bed.

Billy threw off his sweats before sliding into the bed with the lotion

bottle, he grabbed Steve's erection through his hands and smiled at the whimper he lets out.

"B-but won't that hurt?" Steve whispered as he tried to find his voice. Billy started to yank down his pants, and Steve lifted his hips to make it easier for him.

"A little, but I'll be gentle for you King Steve." Billy pushed the pants off of the bed and moaned to himself how much precum was dripping out of Steve.

Steve nodded his head, "Then do it, I want you to do it." Billy then slapped his thighs, forcing them to open up more when Steve doesn't understand the action.

Billy felt like he was going to die if he didn't get into Steve soon and lubed up his fingers to start prepping. He needed this to feel good for the both of them and he did his best to heat up the lotion with his fingertips.

He distracted Steve from the feeling of his hole being traced with a couple of strokes to his length. And he licked his teeth as he pushed the first digit in.

The yelp that Steve gave him made him smirk, "Warn a guy next time." Steve mumbled to himself. Billy had to admit it was cute to see Steve pout a bit before he went back to teasing the slit of his cock.

Billy tested out the water by slowly trusting a finger in and out of Steve, when he stopped clenching he added another finger. Two became three and Steve was a mess on the bed.

There were tears of pleasure sliding down his face when Billy finally brushed up against the bundle of nerves, he was finally ready. Billy gave Steve's thigh another slap before he steadily went into Steve.

Billy watched in awe as he slide into Steve, feeling the tight heat convulse around him. He fit Billy perfectly and was the tightest ass he has ever had.

"Love feeling you tremble, so fucking good. The best, King Steve." Billy whispered to Steve as he started rocking back and forth into

Steve. Steve couldn't stop himself from panting as Billy started to pick up speed.

Steve would moan louder whenever Billy used his nickname, and even started to whimper when he praised him.

When Billy told him he was better than anyone he had before Steve wrapped his legs around his waist, moving his hips to meet with Billy's thrust. At first it was awkward, but Steve gained confidence as Billy continued to admire him.

"So tight, knew you needed cock from the moment I met you. Love it when I give it to you?" Billy spewed out more as he was reaching his breaking point.

He effectively grasped Steve's erection and rubbed the head repeatedly as he roughly plunged himself deeper and deeper into Steve.

The small moan of his name from Steve's lips was what made Billy climax, gripping Steve almost violently on his hips before he slipped into the teenager.

Steve knew he was going to be bruised tomorrow, but that addition of pain mixed with the pleasure. The moment he felt something warm fill him he couldn't stop himself from cumming onto both of their stomachs.

Billy couldn't hold himself up, and he ended up laying on top of Steve before pulling out. Steve didn't mind, he embraced Billy as the pressure felt reassuring to him. He tried to smother his whine when Billy slipped out.

Steve shifted to lay on Billy's chest, basically falling asleep right then and there. Billy himself felt tired out and glanced at the sleeping boy.

Even though Hawkins was Hell, Steve was worth everything. And with that thought Billy fell asleep without realizing how much he has fallen for King Steve.

2. Morning After.

Summary for the Chapter:

(Well, sometimes you set up to write a one shot then weeks later get ideas for another chapter.)

The morning after and funny enough this one night stand is looking like it is anything but.

The sound of rain tapping on glass is what woke Billy up, he blinked a couple of times before his eyes could even focus.

The bed he is in is certainly softer than the flimsy mattress he has back home, and he pondered on what type of girl he banged last night.

Some were clingy, others were crybabies who hated him for ditching them after everything was said and done. This is why he hated sleeping over after a one night stand.

For a second he is confused about the rain, it never rained this hard in California. Then the shock of what he had done last night reared it's ugly head.

He sat up in the bed now, a sense of panic filled his veins as he turned to look at Steve. Apparently him moving around is what roused Steve and soon enough those big brown eyes are starring back at him.

They stared at each other until Billy's paranoia forced him to get out of the bed, he has no idea what time it actually is. He is worried over Tommy or possibly Carol walking in on them, and for now can't remember if he lock the door or not.

"Whoa, slow down there Tiger. Was I really that bad in bed?" Steve joked as Billy slipped the sweats back on. He doesn't like this at all.

The plan was to convince everyone else that Steve was queer cock sucking fag, but now it went to shit. Billy fucked Steve, he got hard for pretty boy therefore he had no leverage over the situation.

"This never happened, Harrington." Billy frowned as Steve scoffed. He really shouldn't look this high and mighty after Billy destroyed that ass.

"Yeah, right Billy. Stop acting so scared, Mr. California." Steve yawned as he rolled his eyes. Billy honestly had no idea what to do, there were rules in California but this was Hawkins.

"What do you want from me?" The words spilled out, it sounded too unsure and made him even more terrified that Steve could see right through him.

"Well, I want you to come back to bed. Then maybe we can have more fun together?" Steve sounded hopeful, and Jesus there was something about him that made Billy do just that.

He sat on the bed, trying to figure out what Steve truly wanted from him. He doesn't do relationships and if Steve thought that one night of fucking was going to change anything then he was wrong.

"So I see you are still tense, do you want to talk about it or something? I am not the best at pillow talk." Steve moved in closer, tugging the blanket to cover his nakedness.

"That's just it. I don't want to do this, have fucking pillow talk or talk about our feelings. I am not your boyfriend, I am nothing close to it." Billy explained as the rain started to pound against the window, so loud it almost drowned him out.

"I am not asking you to be my boyfriend, dickhead. It's just that last night it was really good and I want to do it again. I mean no one has to know," Steve scratched his head before Billy interrupted him.

"Oh, yeah perfect we screw like animals and you don't tell anyone about the new kid swinging that way." Billy didn't like the sound of it, it felt too much like blackmail.

"Okay, first of all what the fuck are you talking about? I am not holding this against you, I just want to know if you would like to do this again. It's not like I can sleep with any other boy in Hawkins." Steve mumbled as he slipped out of the bed.

Billy can't help himself from staring at him, he glanced at the broad shoulders to the lean waist. He inhaled a bit of air when he noticed the bruises starting to form on his hips.

"Fuck!" Steve shouted as he touched between his thighs, Billy is aching to touch him again. Steve turned to meet his eyes, raising his hand to show the cum dripping out of him.

"Haven't you heard of a condom or something?" Steve grumbled before noticing the tent in Billy's pants. He grinned as he leaned towards the bed, eventually getting on his hands and knees to crawl over to Billy.

"It's really up to you, Billy. I understand we aren't an item, but we can still have fun." Steve explained as he sat on his feet, not paying attention to how wet his hole felt.

"Fine, but remember that this stays between us." Billy can't deny how hard he is, he never really had much willpower.

"Yeah, yeah, just don't expect breakfast after this." Steve kissed Billy first and pulled him on top as he laid with his back against the bed.

This is the first time they had actually kissed, and a part of Billy wanted to pull back as if the kiss was going too far. However, he comprehended that a little kiss here and there wouldn't hurt.

Plus it felt good to feel Steve tremble underneath him from only a heated kiss. He reveled in how hard Steve tried to dominate him, but in the end Billy won as he deepened the kiss.

As he trailed his hand down the sides of Steve's body, massaging the flesh between his fingertips. As he cupped Steve's bottom, he didn't waste a minute before he started to tease Steve's opening.

There was something exciting about knowing that he marked Steve from within, and it became apparent that Steve felt the same way. He especially moaned loud as Billy started to collect the cum dripping out.

"You like that? Want me to fill you up with some more?" Billy whispered as he nipped at Steve's neck. Using his tongue to trace the

marks he left the first time they did this.

Steve whimpered as he eased his first finger inside, kissing his collarbone as he pushed into the tight area. When he apparently went too fast for him, Steve yanked on his hair.

"Give me a second." Steve mumbled as he leaned his face into Billy's shoulder. Billy could feel his soft hair brushing against him as he nodded, telling finger to continue.

Once he located last night's thrown lotion bottom it quickly goes from one finger to two fingers, scissoring as he toyed with Steve's special spot.

"Oh, fuck there! Don't stop, please." Steve bite his lip as he tested his hips, rolling in time with Billy's finger.

"Greedy, huh?" Billy huffed as Steve slammed his lips onto his, begging each second for more.

Billy eventually took pity and lined himself up to Steve's entrance, gasping to himself as he slide in. Steve felt better like this, he could feel and memorize every shiver that past through his spine.

Steve writhed beneath him, wanting more and not caring how fast he was going for himself. He yanked Billy forward by the shoulders, forcing him all the way in.

The whimper Steve let out was definitely a sound Billy wanted to hear more of, and without thinking too much about it he gave a hard thrust.

Immediately he felt sharp fingernails dig into his back, but something about the pain made him want to go harder. He thrust again, gaining a loud groan from Steve.

"Do you like it when I fuck you like that? Want some more, Princess?" Billy teased as he wagged his tongue against his teeth as he grind into the warm hole.

"Fuck, so good. I am so close." Steve gasped as Billy teased his cock. He gripped it in his hands, taking the time to still his hips as he

messed with the dripping head.

"Now, if you want me to continue you have to say the magic word." Billy joked as he tugged on the erection, twisting his wrist as he slide down the length.

"You dick." Steve grumbled as he tried to lift his hips, but Billy held him down onto the bed. He smugly smirked as Steve got red in the face, he could get used to this.

"Please, fucking please with a God damn Cherry on top." Steve whined as he threw his head back, Billy licked a long strip of his neck as he started to pound Steve.

"Yes, yes, yes!" Steve moaned as he wrapped his legs around Billy's waist, feeling some of previous cum start to drip out of him. The thought of Billy cumming in him again made him feel tingly all over.

It felt too much and not enough at the same time, tears were collecting in the corner of his eyes. Billy had this look of want that seemed to edge Steve on.

"Perfect around my cock, and only my cock." Billy sighed as the sounds of skin slapping on skin became louder and louder. The sound of rain and thunder rumbling fell silent compared to their moans.

Billy's imagination started to drift and he could see himself fucking Steve in the showers, under the bleachers, and possibly in his car. Being able to enjoy him to his heart's delight and be the only guy who has ever made him cum this hard.

"Billy, ah!" Steve could feel the heat building up, and knew he was teetering on the edge of his orgasm. While Billy remained blissfully contempt into Steve, holding him close as he went faster.

With on particularly hard thrust, Billy came into Steve and continued to lazily move his hips as he catch his breath. Steve could feel the warmer cum fill within and swiftly tugged himself to his own orgasm.

Billy let out a small moan, feeling Steve tighten around him as he spilled onto his own hands.

They both were drenched in sweat as Billy finally pulled out, and yet they both happily laid there. Billy grumbled a bit when Steve snuggled his torso, but he leaned into the touch.

As he laid there next to Steve, he glanced at the window and finally noticed the rain has stopped. There was a sun peeking out of the cloudy sky.

Eventually they both had to take a shower, and even though Billy could go another round Steve was finally feeling sore.

Being the gentleman that he was, Billy allowed Steve to wash up first. Taking the time to shove the evidence of his previous plan back into his jacket, and for a second he pondered if he could even use it now.

For now he is going to place it in a safe space just in case their new relationship goes sour. Billy reprimanded himself and tried to reinforce the idea that they weren't going steady.

Still, it was nice to see Steve smile at him while wearing a comfortable sweater and having damp hair.

Billy took his time in the shower, trying his best not to overthink everything. When he went back into the room, he made sure the towel was worn low on his hips.

"So," Billy started as he walked into the room, Steve didn't hide the way he started at Billy's body.

"Do you want to grab a bite to eat? I think it is pass breakfast, but we can go for brunch." Steve swiftly asked, and originally Billy was about to tease Steve for staring however he just had to ask.

"What the hell is brunch?"

Turns out brunch was just a late morning meal, something rich folks do usually for Sundays and Billy had to admit he could eat.

As they left the room, Billy hoped they wouldn't meet Tommy or Carol in the hallway. He probably looked freaked out since Steve pointed out, "They normally leave after sex since Carol can only sleep in her bed."

Steve drove them to a favorite diner of his, which gave him time to check out his music selection.

"Jeez, Steve you need better music." Billy scoffed as he threw a Wham! cassette into the back.

"Hey! I am the driver, numskull so I choose the music. Put it on!" Steve ordered. Somehow Billy forgot how much he hated Wham! and without thinking put the tape on.

"Bad Boys" started to loudly play in the speakers and even though it was nice to see Steve sing along with the words, he hoped the diner was close.

The diner was archaic to say the least, it felt as though he stepped into a 1950's hot spot. With the hot red booths, checkered flooring, and electric blue walls.

He noticed the cute waitress who took their orders wasn't a natural blond, but she had a decent rack compared to the high school girls.

"What can I get you two?" She winked at Billy and for a second he was curious to see Steve's reaction.

However, Steve was skimming the menu and not paying attention to any of it. Which was good because Billy was planning to get her number for later.

"Hey, where is the breakfast menu? I want to order some waffles." Steve finally looked up. Debbie, their waitress, wasted no time in telling them about the new policy.

"Sorry, no breakfast after 10 am. We have great burgers though." She placed the tip of her pen in her mouth, trying her best to appear seductive.

Steve instantly went from cheerful to pouty in a couple of seconds, sighing as he skimmed the menu for something other than waffles.

"Debbie, couldn't we make an exception? Just this once, we had no idea it was already this late." Billy wasn't charming her for Steve, he just well, okay he was doing this for Steve.

Billy didn't quite comprehend why he was doing this, he already slept with Steve. Plus it wasn't like he could get his waffles another day, but Billy felt like he should.

"Well, since you are pretty new here handsome I'll see what I can do." Debbie blushed as she swiftly walked away to talk to the chef behind the swinging doors.

Steve grinned, "Why did you do that?" He sat up, clearly excited for the possibility of waffles and figuring out Billy.

"Do what?" Billy asked while starring at the menu, he couldn't act tough with those eyes starring at him.

"Flirted with the waitress to get me waffles. It wasn't as subtle as you may think." Steve chuckled before a fluster Billy lied, "I flirted because I wanted to, getting waffles out of it would be a bonus."

"Oh, so you are thinking of sleeping with her? Wears too much makeup if I am being honest." Steve shrugged just as the waitress arrived back to the table.

Handing them breakfast menus with a smile, and Billy noted how spidery her eyelashes looked. Compared to Steve's eyelashes it looked as if she caked on product until her lashes had a mind of their own.

Billy ordered a stack of pancakes with scrambled eggs and his bacon extra crispy, drinking black coffee was him showing how more masculine he was compared to Steve. Not anything else. Not at all. Nope.

Steve doesn't seem to care as he ordered his chocolate chip waffles with sunny side up eggs and extra toast on the side, choosing to drink milk instead of water. He too ordered his bacon extra crispy before winking at Billy.

Debbie doesn't have time to chat before another diner guest is asking for refills and boxes to go.

"Did you see that lipstick on her teeth?" Steve scoffed as they both watch her run around like a chicken with it's head cut off.

"You sure are interested in making her sound disgusting as possible. Listen, if you keep acting like this then maybe we should stop having fun with each other." Billy snapped.

Maybe it was the fear of him liking Steve too much, or Steve liking him back that made him say something like that. Whatever they have between them won't be good if jealousy became a major factor.

"Fine, I'll stop. Have fun scrubbing mascara out of your sheets then." Steve sighed as he messed around with his silverware.

Debbie came back with drinks and went straight to flirting with Billy. Laying her hands on his shoulder and complimenting his muscles as Steve drank his milk.

Then she laughed at a small joke Billy said and all he could see was the red stain on her teeth. The worse thing was how she continuously smiled with her teeth, forcing Billy to stare at it.

Steve clearly watching Billy stare at it almost spilled all of his milk while he laughed to himself.

When she finally left, Steve was wiping his face with a napkin as Billy couldn't help himself but laugh also.

"Okay, you weren't wrong it was gross." Billy chuckled as they both calmed down. Steve sort of giggled once Billy started to laugh about everything.

"Dude, have fun with that. It reminded me of this one time where Ally made out with Jeremy as somehow got lipstick in his teeth!" Steve started and soon enough they were telling stories to each other.

Billy would recall the good times in California while Steve gossiped about classmates who did some pretty embarrassing stuff. It lightened the mood from what Billy previously said.

They ate without much talking from Debbie and when she did come over to give the ticket, she had written her number on it.

Billy didn't notice it until they were leaving, but Steve paid for the meal. It didn't feel like pity, but Billy reminded himself to pay him

back next time.

The rest of the day wasn't really memorable after Billy drove himself back home. He laid in bed that night, praying to God that everything will turn alright in the end.

Monday came and he noticed Steve was wearing a turtleneck, and he smiled. It felt good to know those marks he left were hidden underneath, a secret they both shared.

Tommy being the annoying piece of shit he was pulled it down during lunch and made a scene about it.

"Whoa, you have to tell me about the chick you met! She definitely is feisty, huh?" Tommy said, Steve rolled his eyes as he gave Carol his meatloaf after Tommy smashed it.

"You know me I don't kiss and tell." Steve pulled the it back up to cover the hickies. They were bold and Billy had to say it looked nice against the paler parts of his skin.

"That's a bunch of bull, you always tell us who you bang." Tommy didn't take the hit and before Steve could tell him to stop, Billy spoke up.

"Sure, she seems feisty but you should hear about me and this waitress over the weekend." Billy turned the conversation onto him as he lied through his teeth.

He threw her number onto the floor, in case anyone went snooping into his room. He needed to keep up with the charade that he was completely and totally straight.

He told them the usual story, met a hot chick then got drunk and banged her. As Tommy praised him for it, Billy made sure to wink at Steve.

Steve nodded, and started to chat with Carol about the upcoming party Friday. Some chick in their math class was hosting it and Billy knew he was definitely going. What could possibly go wrong?

3. Friday night.

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Billy continue with their agreement, what could go wrong?

Thank you for reading my story, please don't forget to comment. It really makes my day whenever someone comments on my works.

Some days you don't want to get out of bed, and Billy felt that way for the longest time. Sure, he can drone on and on about California with it's warmer temperatures, fun activities, and attractive residents.

However, even perfect California had it's terrible days when Neil decided to hurt him over the most pointless of things. The fear outweighed the fun back in those days.

Now it has gotten better, actually better than he expected. Sure, Max is a bitch sometimes but she mainly spent her time at the arcade.

Billy doesn't care enough to really pay attention to the nerds she waved goodbye as she hopped into his car. Neil doesn't go anywhere near the game center to even see her talking to boys.

She held her end of their bargain, Billy picked her up at a designated time and she promised to stay out of trouble. Even though Billy would love not having to be Max's chauffeur, it could be worse.

School is alright, the classes are boring and he already learned all of this back in California. Luckily this just meant he is able to obtain better than average grades and not fret about his GPA.

Plus being pals with Harrington has allowed him a place to hang out instead of staying at his house. His dad would eventually find something to get furious about, but being out of the house has been

working out so far.

Steve for one reason or another is totally fine with Billy spending hours every day at his house for the past couple of days. Sure, sometimes they had some fun with each other but other times they really do just hang out.

Apparently Steve's parents are always away on business which allowed Billy to basically shack up there. Right now he is watching an episode of T.J. Hooker, but honestly he is watching Steve.

Billy has another hour until he has to pick up Max, but Steve doesn't look interested in getting frisky. He is groaning to himself at a paper and it is starting to bug him.

"Hey, what are you whining about?" Billy continued to stare at the television, trying to act nonchalant.

"Oh, I have this paper due tomorrow and it just sucks. Don't worry about it, it's just whatever you know?" Steve shrugged as he placed the paper between the two of them. Crossing his arms as he turned his attention to the show.

"How about I take a look?" Billy glanced at the paper, he is bored so it wouldn't hurt.

"I mean sure if you want." Steve mumbled to himself as Billy took the paper. Billy kept a poker face on, but inside he was cringing about how he phrased first sentence.

He doesn't need Steve to feel more terrible about this, Carol told him how he almost flunk art class for not coming in last year.

"How is it?" Steve hesitantly asked, looking at Billy with those fucking eyes. Billy had to bite him lip from saying anything about them.

"I am glad you have that pretty face, but how about I take care of this for you? I can rewrite this in about twenty minutes or so." Billy said, it was an easy fix overall.

Steve had basic grammar and spelling issues, but there was

something there. He just needed help in order to properly explain himself, and maybe a better analogy.

"Really? You can do that in less than an hour?" Steve beamed, he gave Billy that smile. He rarely showed it to other people, but maybe Billy is overthinking it.

"Sure, just grab me a pack of cigarettes and I'll call it even." Billy winked as he stood up, grabbing the pen behind Steve's ear before sitting at the dinner table.

Steve ran to his room, shuffling through his jacket to grab a fresh pack he bought that day. He really needed to get a good grade on this paper or else he will have to climb out of the hole for the rest of the year.

He almost tripped as he ran down the stairs, but he made it back to Billy in record time. He set the packet right next to Billy and took a seat in case he asked for anything else.

"Steve, what were you trying to say here?" Billy questioned when he reached an unusual analogy about winning and playing basketball.

"Oh, so you know how we defeat Germany? Well, I thought it was a good idea to say like America, we defeated the Greenwood Eagles," Steve happily explained before he saw Billy's confused face.

"I mean at the time I thought it was good since this is the first year we had actually beaten them." Steve pouted to himself, and Billy sighed aloud.

"Okay, how about instead of saying that you explain why after everything our team was victorious. Saying like America sort of confuses the reader since both of the basketball teams are in America." Billy pointed out.

Steve nodded, clearly embarrassed about how stupid he sounded and it made Billy say something he would normally never say.

"I think it is a good idea to talk about your own personal experiences, gives some credit on your part." He comforted Steve as he rewrote the paragraph to clearly send the message out.

"Thanks, man." Steve replied and sure enough they were finished in under thirty minutes. Steve thanked him and Billy left early to wait for Max.

He doesn't know why he did that, and as he sat alone in his car he couldn't help himself as he started to think.

He never wrote someone else's essay for them, nor would he ever try to make them feel better about how shitty it was. Even back in California he would never do such a thing even if he was going steady with the person.

Steve and him weren't even dating, and yet Billy felt compelled to help him. With a single frown he decided to do anything to make Steve smile again and it frighten him.

Steve had this power over him and even though Billy knew what fear was, this was a new level of it.

He barely knew Steve, he had no idea how he would react if he found out how willing Billy was for him. Would he abuse it? Or would he hold it over his head and laugh at him?

He took a second to breathe, he had to do something about it. He knew he could easily just stay away from Steve, or possibly never talk to him again.

However, he also knew it would be painful experience for him and maybe it would make things worse. The moment he laid eyes on Steve again he would break.

Tomorrow night was the party, if he hooked up with someone else then hopefully it will lessen his stupid little crush on Steve Harrington.

The next day at school he pretended everything was fine, he joked with Tommy and winked at a couple of girls who were checking out his ass.

That night he before he left the party he made sure he looked amazing. He wore his tightest jeans, a maroon red button up that was barely buttoned, and his favorite black leather jacket.

He knew he looked hot and grinned to himself as he blew smoke into the mirror. He needed to show King Steve that he was a force to be reckoned with.

By the time he reached the house, the party was in full swing. Music was blasting out of speakers, people were chugging as if it was the end of the world, and from afar he saw Steve.

Steve who wore his dopey grin as he danced within the crowd of people, having the time of his life. Billy basically made a beeline towards him, pushing people out of the way.

"Hey, where have you been? The party started an hour ago, and you have to try this." Steve chuckled as he offered Billy his cup. He was clearly buzzed and this nervous knot started to form in Billy's stomach.

He yanked the drink out of his hand before gulping it down, Steve somehow got everyone to cheer him on.

Billy used the back of his hand to wipe his mouth, he was going to need more alcohol if he was going to try to bang a random girl that night.

"Steve the kegs are ready to go! Show Billy how we do it here in Hawkins." Tommy came out of nowhere as he wrapped his arm around Steve's shoulder, shaking him in excitement.

"Sure, want to see?" Steve asked Billy with a wink, which made him sort of excited. He heard Steve was also called 'Keg King' and he doubted such a lean person could out drink him. Still, he wanted to see.

"Lead the way, King Steve!" Billy replied, throwing the empty cup onto the floor. He followed Steve and Tommy to the backyard, there were at least three kegs ready for use.

"Hey, hold my legs up for me." Steve murmured to Billy before he leaned towards the spout of the tap. Billy waste no time in helping him get into position.

He noticed how his shirt started to slightly slide down, letting Billy

get a peek of his stomach. Billy wondered what it would feel like if he let his tongue traced down his stomach, feeling that hot skin against his tongue.

People are already crowding them, cheering on Steve as each second passed. Billy pondered how Steve could even last this long, especially in the upside down position.

Steve finally pulled his mouth off around forty-one, gulping down whatever remained in his mouth. Billy is impressed to say the least, patting Steve's back as he join the people chanting his name.

"That's how we do it here in Hawkins." Steve laughed as he wiped the excess dribble from the side of his mouth. Billy would really like to lick it clean for him.

"Tommy, how about you find us some beers? I want to show Mr. California how we shotgun around here." Steve ordered, smirking to Billy as Tommy ran back inside the house.

"How about we go have some fun just the two of us?" Steve whispered into his ear, sending shivers down Billy's spin when he felt his lips touch his earlobe.

"Lead the way, Keg King." Billy licked his lips, he couldn't wait to get his hands on Steve again.

They found themselves in some girl's room, the moment Billy locked the door Steve jumped him. Using both of his hands to grab Billy's face as he pulled him into a passionate kiss.

Billy naturally placed his own arms around Steve's waist, slipping his hands underneath his shirt to feel his bare skin. Steve felt warm to the touch, moaning into the kiss when Billy started to knead the flesh between his fingertips.

They somehow made their way to the bed, Billy pulled off first in order to push Steve onto the bed. He crawled on top of him, smirking as he cupped Steve's erection.

"Billy, fuck!" Steve groaned before he comb his fingers through Billy's hair and lift himself up to go back to kissing. Steve somehow made

the taste of cheap beer more appetizing than it regularly is.

Billy loved that no matter how aggressive Steve started, he eventually allowed Billy to take over in the kiss.

Billy rolled his hips to get some friction, grinning to himself as Steve tried to copy the movement in order to obtain some relief. He can't since Billy held his hips down onto the comfy bed.

"What do you want me to do with you? Fuck you so hard you can't remember your name? Or how about I suck your pretty little cock?" Billy huskily told him as he momentarily stopped the kiss.

Steve looked gorgeous like this, with his hair unkempt and this fire in his eyes as he writhe underneath him. Seeing Steve like this almost made him want to lose control.

"Well, what do you want?" Billy asked again, teasing his neck with nibbles here and there. He pondered how his collarbone would look with love bites all over before Steve finally answered.

"Make love to me." Steve sighed.

Billy stopped everything, he was lost for a second. Steve was definitely too drunk, to ask for that after their agreement made Billy recall what he planned to do at the party originally.

He teared himself away from Steve, he needed to get out of there as soon as possible. He didn't even let Steve utter a single word before he raced out of the room, leaving him alone.

He slipped into a bathroom, turning the sink on to splash some cold water onto himself. He waited a few minutes to calm himself down, eventually becoming flaccid again.

Billy waltzed out and back downstairs to the party, he needed a drink or something. Tommy found him again and somehow he got roped into shots.

In the back of his head he is wondering how Steve is doing, but then a girl is pulling him into a closet.

As she dropped down to her knees, Billy can't help but think that Steve has softer hair than her. Yet that doesn't stop him from thrusting into her mouth, before he climaxes he pictured Steve.

He doesn't kiss her or even acknowledge her as he opened the closet door. In his buzzed state he forgot to buckle his jeans back, he zipped himself just as he looked up.

There is Steve, making direct eye contact as he gulped down another red solo filled cup drink. The girl from the closet is wiping her mouth as she tried to flutter her eyelashes at him.

The glare Steve sent him made his blood run cold and now he noticed the puffy redness in his eyes. Billy wanted to walk over to Steve, but before he could take a step Tommy is congratulating him for receiving a blowjob.

Blocking his path towards Steve, other guys from the team try to high-five him and eventually he lost Steve in the crowd.

Billy has an image to keep so instead of shoving everyone off he laughed and continued to party the night away.

He doesn't know how he made it home, but that Saturday morning he is dreading his life. He remembered everything, from the look on Steve's face when he pulled away to the way he looked at him from across the room.

He spent the weekend agonizing about what will happen Monday morning. He knew Steve wouldn't really out their relationship, right?

Either way by Sunday evening he has smoked through the packet Steve gave to him. He needed more, and as he searched the pockets of his jacket he found the pictures again.

He held his breath as he stared at them, something he could use in case Steve decided to say anything. Except the thought of showing this to anyone didn't sit right with Billy.

He groaned to himself as he shoved it back where he found it, he hated how he easily ruined things. His emotions collided in an instant and he jammed his fist into the wall.

The ache in his knuckles are nothing compare to what he is feeling at that moment. He doesn't know how all of this happened.

He doesn't know how long he stared at the hole in the wall he created, but he knew if push came to shove Billy had what he needed to protect himself from ridicule.

Monday morning Billy is wary to say the least, he glare down anyone looking at him. Then in the hallways there was Steve Harrington at his locker, chatting with Tommy and Carol.

Time seemed to stopped for a second and then Steve noticed him. He could imagine the frown to appear on his face, but instead there is this smile.

It is not like the smiles Steve has given him before, but it is a smile nonetheless. He waved at him, calling him to go over there.

Billy doesn't know if he is dreaming or what, but he does walked towards them ready to hear what he had to say.

"Man, that party was something! Wasn't it?" Steve's laugh seemed different.

"You should of seen Billy taking shots like a champ! Rebecca blew him in the closet too." Tommy blurted out, Billy wanted to kill him.

He doesn't want Steve to know, he wished Tommy didn't remind him. Except Steve just nodded and gave a small chuckle to the news..

"Rebecca blows everyone, everything got blurry after I had those shots of vodka." Steve added, glancing at Billy for a second before paying attention to Tommy.

"Me too, but that was in the beginning of the party. I thought you could hold your liquor better than that, Steve." Carol noted as Steve shrugged.

"Honestly, I couldn't even remember who was even there. Wow, I must of been drunk!" Steve laughed as Billy silently thank God.

The bell rang and they had to walk to their first period. Tommy

and Carol went one way while Steve and Billy went the other.

"Want to see a movie later this week or something?" Steve asked as the dodged people in the halls. Steve seemed like his cheerful self, but in the back of his head Billy couldn't help but worry.

"No, I am busy studying for an upcoming test." Billy replied, which was half true. He had a test, but he already knew the information when he was in California.

"Then how about I help you study?" Steve cheekily said, and Billy couldn't say no to a face like that.

"Alright, how about we play a little game while we do it? Every time I get a question right you take off your clothes, and if I am wrong then I'll take off my clothes." Billy flirted, trying to see how Steve would react.

"You have yourself a deal, Mr. California." Steve teased before slipping into the classroom. Everything seemed alright, there was nothing to worry about. He couldn't wait for their study date that week.

4. Realizations.

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy and Steve have a fun study session, but feelings always complicate things. Especially when neither of them really talk about it.

Thank you for reading my story and don't forget to leave a comment if you can!

Billy knew a thing or two about sneaking out, and even though it is stressful he can do it. He learned a long time ago that Neil easily passed out by 8:30, earlier now that he worked overtime.

Neil drank himself into basically a coma, and only his shrieking alarm could awake him up. Overall Billy could be out all night, as long as he is there to drop off Max in the morning for school.

Around nine is when he walked out of the house, he made sure Susan didn't catch him as he nicked his keys from the bowl. He never really understood why he had to leave them there, he was the one driving his Camaro.

Once he was a few blocks away from his house is when he finally put on his music, he knew the rumbling was enough to shake the whole house.

It wasn't long before he was parking his car near Steve's house, he really looked forward to tonight. Hell, he made sure to shower and not just rub cologne on his balls.

He had his flashcards handy, he found that repetition was the best way for him to memorize most material. Plus they would come in handy with the strip quiz they were going to do tonight.

Still, Billy couldn't help but be a little nervous. Steve seemed a bit off

since Monday, but he continued to smile at Billy and acted like nothing was wrong.

He continued to rule the school, but he seemed less into it now. If there were rumors about a new slut walking around, Steve told them to stop gossiping about it.

Or if they made fun of people around them, Steve easily showed his disdain for it. Carol and Tommy would roll their eyes and continue to whisper to each other while Billy wondered if something was wrong.

However, he instantly stopped that train of thought because Steve wasn't his boyfriend. He shouldn't care about his emotions or what he said because it didn't ultimately matter.

Still he continued to follow Steve's orders because if not then no more sex. What good is Steve if he can't fuck him, right? Steve Harrington was just a fun distraction and nothing more. He had to tell himself over and over again.

The door swung open and there was Steve, grinning at him and it made Billy's heart swoon for a second.

God, he was pathetic.

"Um, hi?" Billy coughed. Oh God he was pathetic! He needed to pretend that he was Mr. California, and that this is only fun and games to him.

"Cat got your tongue? That's a first, huh? Come on in." Steve chuckled as he allowed Billy into his house. It never ceased to amaze Billy how vast his house is, but he had more important things to focus on.

"Sorry Princess but those doe eyes certainly caught me by surprise. Where are your parents this week?" Billy asked as they climbed up the stairs.

Steve's parents are never really home and when they are, it is to drop off dirty clothes and repack for the next trip. Last week it was a conference, the week before it was talking to potential clients in

Germany, and now it's something new.

"Vacation in the Hawaii or some tropical island. They came back last night to grab a few things and give me some money." Steve shrugged it off as he opened his bedroom door.

"Cool, let's start studying then." Billy pulled out the cards and saw Steve instantly laughed.

"Jesus how many did you make? Are they laminated also?" He joked as he sat on the bed, Billy rolled his eyes as he handed them over.

"Shut your pie hole and quiz me. You remember the rules right?" Billy smiled, sliding his tongue over his teeth.

Steve for a moment watched the movement, but sat up to take it seriously as he snatched the cards out of his hands.

He read the first card aloud, "Which polymers occur naturally?" Steve glanced up at Billy, looking hopeful to say the least.

"Starch and cellulose, pay up pretty boy." Billy took a seat across from Steve on the bed. He memorized every card and he knew he was right.

Steve nodded as he slipped off his shirt, throwing it behind him as he turned back to the cards. Billy couldn't wait for the next question.

"In a molecule of CH_4 , the hydrogen atoms are-" Steve started, but Billy instantly interrupted him with "Tetrahedrons."

Steve shook his head, laughing to himself when Billy winked at him.

Steve huffed to himself as he stood up from the bed, he slowly unzipped his pants and slipped off his pants. He wasn't wearing boxer, or even briefs as he sat back down on the bed.

Steve didn't shy away from Billy's eyes, he was already erected and ready for him. It almost made Billy want to growl as he counted the number of moles on his chest.

Last week Billy sucked and bite his chest for an hour, some bruises

were left yet they were starting to fade. He mentally reminded himself to refresh it later, but for now he had more pressing issues to attend to.

"Well, I should of layered more clothing on. Now what?" Steve smirked as they stared at each other. Billy licked his lips before he leaned in to kiss Steve.

The kiss went from gentle and sweet to eager and ardent in a couple of seconds. Steve always let Billy win or so he told himself as Billy nipped at his bottom lip.

Steve didn't hesitate in leaning down onto the bed and having Billy on top of him. In the back of his head, Billy knew the cards were absolutely scattered across the floor. He wasn't going to pick them up later.

Billy pulled his lips off Steve for a moment as he nearly ripped off his shirt, and yanking his pants down before kicking them off of the bed. He was hard, and the slit of his cock was already dripping with precum.

Jesus, he can't believe he is this wet for Steve. Normally it took some more foreplay or something to get him this desperate for relief.

Steve wrapped his legs around Billy's waist, reaching over to kiss him again. It felt great to have Steve trembled underneath him as he turned his attention to his neck.

Steve's neck was always perfect for hickies, he loved how beautiful the bruises formed. They arranged in sizes, but generally stay in the same range of redness.

After nibbling on the area, he grinned to himself when Steve moaned at a particularly sensitive area. By now he knew the tips and tricks into bringing Steve into completion.

He knew Steve stashed the good lube or sometimes his favorite lotion in his nightstand, but before he could reach for it Steve stopped it.

"I-I already, well you know." Steve tilted his head as he panted, licking his lips nervously. The blush that stained his cheeks were

brighter than usual. Normally he looked this red when Billy fingered him.

"You what? Tell me with your words." Billy bite his lip in excitement, he had an idea about what Steve was hinting at. He really wanted to hear those words come out of that gorgeous mouth.

"Fuck, I opened myself before you came. Spent hours hard waiting for you to come over, jerk." Steve pouted and Billy's spine tingled at the idea.

"God, you are stupidly hot." Billy chuckled as went back to kissing Steve. He teased Steve's cock with light brush of his fingers before he dipped down into Steve.

If he had the entire night he would maybe blow Steve, have his quivering thighs underneath his hand as he pleased him. He had thought about eating him out before, but he saved that thought for later on in the week.

He needed to see for himself how well Steve prepped himself, find out how needy he really was.

Billy groaned to himself to find the tight heat dripping with lube, shoving a single finger inside to test everything out. He swirled his finger inside to find that Steve is definitely ready for another.

Two fingers within, opening him with scissoring action. Steve whimpered aloud and tried to roll his hips down to gain more delicious pleasure. He was more than ready, but Billy loved watching him squirm.

This was the sexiest idea Steve had ever had and Billy couldn't wait until he was inside. His hand nearly trembled as he gripped his erection to sweep against the rim.

"Put it in already." Steve whined as he tugged Billy closer for another passionate kiss. It was addicting to taste those pretty lips, and he wished he could do it all the time.

"Whatever you say King Steve." Billy smirked as he thrust all the way in. Steve loudly gasped and a whimper was ripped out of him once

Billy started to move.

"So tight, so fucking hot," Billy huskily told him as Steve's nail started to claw his back. Billy hissed and certainly knew there were going to be marks in the morning.

"Oh, God!" Steve's thighs were trembling, Billy was the only thing holding him up. He loved Billy's strength and how much he showed off.

Steve's eyes were tearing up, it always felt this intense with Billy. Sex with girls were never this mind numbing, it was a mixture of too much and not enough that made Steve cry out.

The headboard of the bed started to bang against the wall, keeping in time with Billy's hips. The skin on skin sound nearly drone it out, but the moans out of the both of them definitely did.

Billy gripped Steve's cock, his rough hands stroked three times before Steve spilled all over himself. Seeing that look of pleasure on Steve's face was enough for Billy to climax.

He held onto Steve's hips as he came, kissing him as he finally stopped. It wasn't the best way to catch their breath, but Billy needed to kiss Steve.

He finally pulled out of Steve, leaving him on the bed as he went to the bathroom. His thoughts of affection towards Steve made him worry, and he needed to stop.

He turned the shower on, letting the hot steam sweat Steve out of his pores. He knew this wouldn't do anything, but he wanted something to stop him from cuddling Steve.

If he stayed in the bed then he would hold onto Steve, probably fall asleep next to him. Wake up to see that beautiful face beside him as he started the day, but he couldn't.

Billy didn't do relationships or even feelings, he didn't need anyone.

Once he finished showering he went back to the room, Steve was already under the covers and had the lights off.

He knew Steve was awake, but he didn't do anything about it. He slipped his clothes back on, left the flash cards and went back home.

He lit a cigarette as he parked outside his house, he didn't want to go back yet. It was getting colder every day, but still he didn't want to admit it.

Admit that everything changed, that he no longer was Billy from California. He was just Billy, lost and confused about his own damn emotions.

Fuck, he needed a drink or something. Yet he knew it was too late to get blackout drunk, he had to drive Max to school for fucking sake.

He sighed as he threw his cigarette down, crushing it with his boot before he walked into the house. The silence of the house was too similar to Steve's house and he hated it.

He didn't like this, it made him think. He hated being alone with his thoughts, they were depressing to say the least. He needed something, anything to distract him.

He flopped on his bed, rubbing his face as he tried to fall asleep. Yet he couldn't because life was a bitch who hated Billy.

The next day at school was nothing too extraordinary, he went to class and turned in a paper. When lunch rolled around he frowned as he glanced at the lunch selection.

Fuck, he didn't budget good enough for this week and he spent most of his money on cigarettes. Now he was probably going to starve today, but it wasn't anything new for him.

"Hey, what are you going to get?" Steve came out of nowhere with a tray. This was embarrassing, but Billy didn't know how to tell him he was so broke he couldn't get lunch.

"Um, some pizza." He mumbled out, saying the first thing he noticed. The pizza probably tasted like cardboard, but damn he needed something to eat right now.

"Cool, me too." Steve comment as he was forced to get the same thing Steve was getting. He tried not to look concern when Steve piled pudding, chocolate milk, and some fries onto both of their trays.

He should of said something, possibly stop this upcoming embarrassing moment. Maybe he should beat up freshmen for their lunch money?

Then came the line, Steve talked to him about his day or something while Billy loathe waiting for his humiliation. He needed a way out, but couldn't think of a way.

Finally, Steve was paying for his lunch and Billy knew it was all over. He was going to be known for being poor and no matter how hard you try, the looks of pity will come.

"Why are you still standing there? I paid for the both of us." Steve chuckled as he nudged him. Billy wouldn't admit it, but he wanted to cry in relief.

They took a seat down in their usual spot and Billy smiled as he started to eat. It has been so long since he had a hot lunch that the cardboard pizza tasted delicious for once.

"So, I saw you chatting with that Nancy Wheeler. What is that about?" Carol started as she threw a couple of fries at Tommy, who still ate them.

"What, Nancy? Oh, nothing much just you know class work." Steve shrugged as he drank some of his milk. Billy stopped shoving food into his mouth to intently listen.

"Come on, I know you are up to something. Wasn't she your crush in the seventh grade?" Tommy laughed, his mouth full and Carol rolled her eyes.

"Yeah, right as if Steve would want to date that goody two shoes." Carol commented, but Steve frowned.

"Guys, she is pretty alright so can you stop?" Steve huffed as he ate his pizza. Tommy and Carol looked at each other smiling, and Billy knew something stupid was going to come out of their mouth.

"Nancy and Steve screwing in a tree-" They sang in unison before Steve rolled his own eyes at them. He scoffed at them before turning towards Billy, hoping he would agree with him.

Billy didn't know what to think, he knew he shouldn't be jealous. However, he knew Nancy from most of his class and he hated thinking about the two of them together.

Miss Perfect dating King Steve made him lose his appetite, but he had no say in Steve's life.

Just as he was about to stand up and leave, Rebecca from the party walked by winking at him as she held onto her tray.

He needed a distraction, and he just found it. He winked back at her and watched her giggle with her group of friends. This was the perfect way to stop his feeling, perfect just perfect.

He turned back to the conversation, Tommy and Carol looked eager to talk about what just happened. While Steve focused on eating his food, as if he missed out the interaction.

"Billy look at you go!" Carol said as Tommy nodded in agreement.

"Dude, you have to tell us what that was about!" Tommy added and feeling pressured, Billy made a story up about how he banged her at the party.

"That slut! Oh my god." Carol chuckled after everything was said. He knew he was lying, but he could probably make it happen soon enough or something.

He glanced over to Steve, and when he made eye contact he knew he fucked up. He looked upset to say the least, but he quickly hid it with a forced smile. Maybe Steve did recall what happened at that party.

The bell rang loudly signalling the end of lunch, and before he could say anything about it Steve got up and left first. Leaving Billy alone with his thoughts and cold fries.

They had practice that day and even though Steve appeared calm, Billy knew it was all a farce. He played more aggressively than

usual, and even though he was on the same team Steve didn't pass the ball.

It was frustrating how Steve wouldn't make eye contact, no matter how hard Billy tried to get his attention Steve just didn't look at him.

Then all of a sudden someone from the other team tripped Steve, and he fell hard onto the ground. Billy instantly saw red and shoved the kid who did it.

Naturally, the coach benched him for the rest of practice to cool off and Billy frowned. He did what he was told, but hated how Steve still wouldn't grant him a simple glance.

He finally cornered Steve in the locker room, while the rest of the team were already gone. Steve was putting his clothes back on when Billy pressed himself against him.

"Can't you put on some clothes or something?" Steve frowned at him, and Billy hated that look on his face.

"Listen, we had an agreement. Didn't we?" Billy sneered out, too many bad emotions boiled over as he approached him. Steve shrugged, looking more tired than usual.

"Yeah, yeah, we did. Fuck, I am sorry." Steve told him and that made Billy stop.

Honestly, Billy assumed that they would probably get into an argument about it and this surprised him. Steve sighed as he scratched his neck.

"How about I make it up to you this weekend or something?" Steve asked and Billy had no idea what to say.

He ended up taking Steve's offer but this started to worry him. Steve said sorry so fast and now it made Billy question everything he knew about Steve Harrington.

5. Exposed.

Summary for the Chapter:

Issues start to emerge, and with one lapse in judgment it can all go wrong.

Thank you for being patient with me, it took me a while to write this. Please tell me if you enjoy it!

Since that one incident in the school showers, Steve has been on edge. He doesn't touch Billy like he used to, and as each day passed it started to get worse.

Sometimes Steve would hand him something, making sure his fingers touched his in a moment of pure admiration. Now Steve would flinch away as fast as he can.

Billy had no idea how much he loved the little things Steve would do until they were gone.

Billy recalled the nights where Steve would lay kisses upon his thighs before finally taking Billy's cock in his mouth. Steve would passionately grope Billy's ass as he took him in deeper.

Each caress and touch that Steve gave him were gentle and ardent, proving to Billy how much Steve enjoyed him.

Then when Billy has come into that perfect mouth of his, Steve would swallow whatever he had in his mouth.

Billy memorized the way he would lick the dribble that slipped on the side of his lips with that wicked pink tongue of his.

Seeing Steve eagerly taking everything he gave him only made Billy harder and the next thing they knew is that Billy was fingering Steve open. Taking his time to watch every gasp and moan that was forced

out of Steve.

Steve used to cover his face in the crook of Billy's neck, wrapping his arms around him as Billy shoved his fingers deeper. Hearing Steve pant for him and knowing he was the only one who got to see him like this.

The warmth of Steve's palm massaging his back as he slide into Steve was now gone. No more nails ripping into his skin, or any kisses on the lips as they both reached their climaxes.

Steve has been making a conscious decision not to touch Billy too much and it is killing him.

Listen, Billy is most likely a little touch starved especially since he was already used to sex as the only way to have human connection.

However, sex with Steve was totally different compared to previous partners. Steve was affectionate in bed, demanding kisses and embracing Billy throughout the whole process.

Compared to the skanks he had before, Billy would make sure he would run out before they got clingy after sex.

Except with Steve he was different, at first, but now he is falling into the old patterns he had back in California. Have sex, then leave, and repeat.

It was nice to catch your breath after sex while also having someone close to you as you laid together. Fuck, now Billy missed how Steve would lay his head on his chest.

Yet, those days were gone and Billy had no idea how to make it right. If he told Steve about he true feelings then there was no doubt Neil would eventually find out.

Steve barely was careful as it is, and being in an honest to God relationship would prove to be difficult. He knew Steve wanted to touch him, but Billy couldn't let it happen.

One slip was all it would take for his reputation to be tarnish, there would be no way to come back from that. No matter how popular

King Steve was.

So, for now Billy took whatever he could get and tried to quiet the part of him that wanted more. He would watch Steve in class, smiling to himself as he noticed the funny things Steve would do.

Steve had a dopey grin whenever he got a question right or he would roll his eyes as the teacher started to repeat things that everyone already knew about.

Billy felt glad he could pass this class in his sleep because most of the time he was watching Steve.

Steve who would carefully watch the teacher before leaning in to snicker something into Carol's ear. Then sitting back into his seat the moment the old bat turned to the class.

Billy has never felt this way about anyone in the past, back then it was only lust. Now, he couldn't stop himself from thinking about Steve.

Pondering on what is happening behind that forced smile he gave Billy whenever he bragged about the previous girls he banged.

Those stories were sort of true and were told to keep Tommy entertained. Plus that was the only way he could think of to appear composed whenever Steve started to talk about Nancy.

Apparently, they were becoming fast friends and slowly Steve stopped caring about how others perceived him.

Hell, he even told Billy to quit being an asshole to a freshman who accidentally spilled his milk on his shoes. Having Steve act like this and ordering him around made Billy question why he hasn't released the photos out yet.

It wasn't helping to see Steve chatting up Nancy in the hallway or that one time when Steve wanted to talk about her when it was just the two of them.

One time was enough for Steve to get the message and he never properly finished that story.

Right now they were going to watch a movie, something Billy would never do with the people he already slept with he noted. Plus Steve paid for everything and at this point Billy really didn't care.

Sure, at first he was a little annoyed since it seemed like Steve was flaunting his money. However, Billy had a feeling it was something he learned from a long time ago.

Billy reprimanded himself for thinking about it, he had to stop these stupid thoughts that started to float no matter how much Billy tried to drown them.

He had to act like Steve was a dime a dozen because the moment his crush is out then that would be the end of him.

He doesn't actually want to see the movie, it's some boring movie about four virgins trying to get laid. Billy would much rather have the real thing than watch a movie about sex.

As they walk into the screening there is barely a handful of people watching the damn movie with them. They took a seat in the last row, honestly a terrible seat choice since they could easily get center row.

"Why are we even watching this, Harrington?" Billy grumbled as they both sat down. That was another thing he was doing, he no longer called him Steve in private.

"Shut up and enjoy the movie." Steve rolled his eyes as the trailers finished and the movie began.

They got about five minutes into the movie before Steve placed his hand on his thigh. It actually shocked Billy because Steve is still watching the movie as his fingers move towards his zipper.

Fuck, Billy never thought Steve would do something like this in a public place. It made all the blood in his body travel south and he is half hard by the time Steve unzipped him.

Steve reached into his pants, again Billy goes commando, and start to gently rub Billy to full hardness. In all honesty it really doesn't take much time to get fully erected with Steve there.

Billy has to bite his lips as Steve used his thumb to circle around the head of his cock, tapping it up and down as the tip of Billy's dick started to drip.

The cool air from the AC is making Billy shiver as Steve continued to tease him. He only lightly gave him a quick flick before that hand is finally off of him.

Then in the corner of his eye he saw Steve fucking puts his fingers into his mouth and sucked whatever precum Billy had left on while staring directly at Billy. The sound his mouth made as he popped it out of his mouth made Billy loudly groan.

"Shhh!" Steve jokingly whispered in his ear before sliding out of his chair. Billy has his mouth wide open as Steve got on his knees for Billy. It is a tight squeeze for Steve, but he somehow made it work.

Billy glanced around and gave a small sigh of relief when he noticed that no one is paying attention to them.

His lips hovered over his cock, Billy thighs tremble a bit at the feeling of Steve's warm breathe. He winked at Billy before Steve gave it a long lick, watching Billy the entire time.

God, Steve is going to be the death of him.

Steve gave him a small smirk before he flicked his tongue across the head of his cock, Billy had to bite his fist to stop the moan from slipping out.

Then with a swift lick of his lips Steve is taking him in his mouth, almost expertly by now since he had enough practice.

Billy remembered the first time with those watery eyes and hesitant licks. How he could question every movement and asked Billy if it felt good. Acting like the proper virgin he used to be before Billy got his hands on him.

Now Steve is stroking him, twisting and tightening his hand as he turned his attention to Billy's balls. He cheekily slide his tongue across, slurping a bit before turning his attention back to his cock.

It's too good, and it doesn't take long before Billy lost all control. At first he tried not to thrust into the hot heat of his mouth, it perfectly wrapped around him.

However, the longer Steve messed with the more he lost patience in the movie theater. He almost cruelly clenched Steve's hair between his fingers as he hastily started to fuck into Steve's face.

Luckily, the movie is having a ridiculous blow job scene of its own and the sounds they made are hidden by the film.

Steve gave one particular moan and the vibrations deep down his throat finally made Billy curl his toes as he came. Steve eyes are watery and watch him as he came down from his climax.

Billy felt the need to be particularly rough at the public display Steve gave him and so continued to roll his hips. Forcing Steve to swallow every drop before basically shoving him off.

Billy run his own fingers through his hair as he huffed out a small laugh. It was the dirtiest Steve had done and made Billy wonder what else they could do.

Steve always seemed to find a way to surprise him.

He watched Steve gulped whatever he had in his mouth and with shaking legs returned back to his seat. Taking a moment to drink more of his soda.

Once he got over the fact that they did something like that, Billy reached over to Steve's groin. He gripped his cock, but found it slightly damped.

He looked over to see Steve blushing as the screen brighten up, Billy can't stop himself from leaning in and whispering into his ear.

"Was it good for you as it was for me?" He murmured before wagging his tongue across Steve's earlobe.

"Let's get out of here, this movie sucks." Steve playfully smack his arm, as he stood up he wrapped his jacket around his waist. Billy grinned before following out, forgetting his past worries in favor

of Steve.

Still, when he got home Billy couldn't stop himself from overthinking. He wondered how long they could actually last, with Steve being needy and Billy being a piece of shit.

For now Billy reminded himself to enjoy it while he can, because their relationship wasn't actually a relationship.

The next day at school Billy caught Steve talking to Nancy and her cow of a friend. Steve smiled at her reaction and it made Billy angry.

He didn't want anyone else to see that smile and for a second he wanted to shove Steve into the lockers. See that happy little face change into confusion at his actions.

Billy hated himself for wanting Steve like this and instead he shoved a dorky sophomore before making his way to his locker.

"God, what a jerk!" Billy couldn't walk far before he heard Nancy Wheeler utter out those words. Steve hummed as he thought before answering, "I mean he is an alright guy, don't get me wrong."

"Really? From what I have seen he is just another bully. Why do you even hang out with him?" Nancy just had to ask and Billy started to grind his teeth.

Nancy Wheeler with her doll eyes and soft features always doing what is right. It made Billy sick that Steve looked great next to her, the next power couple of Hawkins.

"I don't know you, you know?" Steve sheepishly answered with the stupidest answer Billy has ever heard.

'I don't know, you know?' What is that suppose to mean?

Billy slammed his locker door closed, watching Steve widen his eyes as they stared at each other. Steve knew that Billy had overheard everything, and the fury within Billy was so close to overflowing.

He knew he shouldn't make a scene, not in front of everyone so he left for class. And as he sat through math he started to analyze what

Steve had said, and no amount of equations could stop him heating up.

Steve just saw something he wanted, and like every rich guy before him he just took it. It made Billy blood boil at how much Steve had put him through.

From the neediness to the pettiness and everything in between Billy wondered if he should just end it. End it in the worse way possible with Steve's photo scattered throughout the school and "King Cocksucker" written on top.

He would need to make copies, probably print more out with the money he saved since Steve paid for everything.

Being the type of person he was Billy paid no attention to anyone else through the day, he had a terrible thing to do after all.

In his jacket he had the photos, always on him in case someone went through his pockets back home. Now he wanted to cruelly laugh at the face Steve would give him after everything was said and done.

He shoved his keys into his car door, he had a couple of hours before the Xerox place closed. How many copies, 100?

He rolled his eyes as he recalled how teacher just had to keep everyone in class while the idiots finished their tests. The parking lot was completely empty the time he made it out there.

Then someone was tapping on his shoulder. Sure enough, it was King Cocksucker and he wanted to talk to Billy.

"Dude, I wanted to talk to you," Steve started but Billy scoffed in his face. Make it 200.

"Yeah, right. You know what? I am tired of your bullshit, because I am done. We are done so get the fuck away from my car." Billy sneered as he opened the car door.

"Wait, what? What do you mean we are done? Billy, I-I thought you," Steve swiftly grabbed his hand, shaking as he got some of the words out. However, Billy's anger spilled over the moment Steve tried to

stop him.

"What? You thought I liked you or something? Come on Harrington, you were a nice piece of ass and nothing more" Billy darkly chuckled as he watched Steve take in the information.

"But after everything I thought you maybe might like me." Steve murmured as he finally let go of Billy's hand. Shocked as he took a step back and glancing up to see Billy snicker.

"As if I liked you, Harrington I didn't know you were this dumb. I got close to you, I fucked you, and I only talked to you so I could get this," Billy handed him one of the many photos he had.

Steve stared at the photo, eyes were tearing up as he tried to swipe it from Billy's hand. The wrath he felt inside was making him feel higher than any weed he has had before.

"How else would I be the new king without these? Go cry to Wheeler before she finds out you like it up the ass." Billy told him as he placed the photo back into his pocket. Finally feeling relief at the revenge he will soon get.

"Fuck you! Nancy was right all along, I should of listened to her after that first night. I can't believe I put up all of your bullshit because I liked you, you asshole!" Steve at first hissed out, but he couldn't stop himself from crying.

To see Steve cry made Billy's heart hurt because he knew he caused this. To hear those words slip out of his mouth, Billy felt his wave of anger becoming a distant memory. Steve actually liked him.

"Weren't you fucking Wheeler?" Billy asked, he had to know.

Steve glared at him, wiping the tears before answering, "Fuck no! I was with you or so I thought, so I didn't sleep with her. It was just nice to have someone talk to you that wasn't obsessed with sex or partying," Steve started as Billy felt his heart sink.

"She really listened to me even when I talked about you, and didn't want my money or my ass. God, I should of taken her advice at that party when Rebecca went down on you. I should of ended it right

then and there." Steve shook his head, no longer crying but his eyes were bleak.

"I thought you wanted Wheeler." Billy mumbled out and in an instant he saw the flames within Steve.

"If I wanted her would I still be sleeping with you? Or buying you things? Or keeping my promise not to get angry over who you fuck? It's plain to see that I did like you, but not anymore. Go ahead, print the photos. See if I care!" Steve told him as he ran off.

Inside Billy had so many things going through his head, he was no longer angry at Steve but now at himself. He didn't follow Steve because everything was now out in the open and he didn't know what he could say to fix it at this moment.

His plans to humiliate were finally done, but now a new problem emerged. What could he do to get Steve back?

6. Need.

Summary for the Chapter:

This time we get Steve's perspective on the story and understand his thought process more.

Sorry it took me so long to update, I usually need a comment to remind me or to inspire me. Please don't be afraid to tell me how you find the story and if you can leave a kudos. Thank you for keeping up with my updates!

Steve was never the best at relationships, it just didn't work out no matter how hard he tried. He thought Billy would change all of that.

He was the first boy who made Steve nervous, and not in an intimidating way at all.

Sure, he was handsome and way too attractive for Hawkins. However, Steve sensed there was more than meets the eyes and he needed to know more.

Maybe Steve just wanted a friend to have around in order to talk or hang out. Or maybe Steve wanted to see if Billy needed someone.

He noticed the worn boots along with the thin denim jacket he wore as Autumn chilled the air. The brown paper lunch bag filled with a simple sandwich and green apple told Steve just that. Billy needed someone.

Honestly, Steve doesn't know why he reached out for Billy. He had no idea if Billy could bring anything to the table other than his good looks.

However Billy surprised him the upcoming days, he showed Steve that his muscles were more than something to gawk at. He was

stronger than Tommy and at the time that was all Steve really wanted from him.

What was once interest became a full on crush that Steve had no idea what to do with. Billy who no matter how cold Hawkins got, showed off his tanned chest and wore the tightest jeans to showoff his assets.

Like most relationships in the past, Steve quickly started to worry. He worried he wasn't giving back and knew the foolproof way to prove to Billy he was someone to keep around was a party.

Well, sort of.

He really didn't feel like having a bunch of drunk teenagers rage at his house, plus he wouldn't want to catch Billy screwing a girl in his parent's bedroom. Still, they could have the same amount of fun with booze and his pool.

Billy having weed was just another reason why Steve needed to have him close, where else was he going to get this stuff in Hawkins?

He couldn't help but feel anxious an hour before their little get together started. Therefore a couple shots of vodka would help him calm down his nerves and calm down it did.

Steve usually was a giggling drunk, everything that came out of Tommy's mouth was hilarious. The music was probably way too loud, but it is not like his neighbors are going to call the police on them.

The weed Billy brought didn't smell as bad as the last joint Tommy got him a year ago. It was surprising that it didn't make him hack like a cat after the first inhale, plus it was pretty potent.

They pass it back and forth between the two of them while Tommy and Carol mess around in the pool. Even though he is drunk and high, Steve can understand what is going on all around him.

For a moment Billy is longingly staring at the pool and Steve just had to ask him about his life before Hawkins. And Steve could see the real Billy underneath, the one who cracked stupid jokes and recalled California like it was years ago.

The light from his pool allow a glow to Billy's face and even though he knew he shouldn't stare, Steve can't help himself from looking in awe at the beauty of him. His eyes were piercing, his lips are surprisingly pink, and Steve wondered how can a single man appear so attractive.

Then all of a sudden he is dragged into the pool, it took him a couple of seconds to realize what was happening. He is glad he didn't drown in front of Billy, but any thought of embarrassment is out the window as he watched Billy shed his jacket to jump into the pool.

God, he was way too handsome and muscular for Steve to handle.

Steve is certainly staring, but depending on how you see it he is luckily splashed in the face by Carol. They are all laughing as they try their best to shovel water into each other's face, but it doesn't take long for Tommy to start kissing Carol.

The excitement of the day came crashing down as Steve grabbed towels for everyone. He was a hot pot of emotions, but now the weed and alcohol is making him a bit sleepy.

He doesn't even care about Tommy doing Carol near the fireplace, and with mild fear he allowed Billy into his room.

He can't stop yawning as he searched through his closet, the clothes he found should be enough for the both of them. There is a hint of arousal as he stole glances at Billy changing into his clothes, but for now he wanted to sleep.

It is unusual to hear shuffling around his room, but at first he is too tired to really sit up and see what is going on.

Yet, he soon felt something warm and velvety trace his lips. Curiosity gets the better of him and he opened his eyes to see Billy with his hand around his cock. He doesn't really process the fear in Billy's eyes because he is focusing on Billy dick.

It's so close and for once he has seen a real, hard, dripping cock right in front of him. He isn't too sure what is going on, but that doesn't stop him from reaching for it

He gave it an experimental tug, feeling the girth of it before guiding the cock to his mouth. He needed to know what it felt like, to have his tongue slide against the throbbing cock.

It's absolutely shameless how eager he is, but that didn't stop him from taking Billy's ball into his mouth. He can feel Billy's fingers in his hair, massaging his scalp as he continued to experiment.

The groans Billy gave him made Steve tingle all over, he is hard as a rock when Billy finally forced his lips off his cock.

He doesn't deny this feeling for once and soon enough Billy is fingering him open. He knew Billy is saying something to him and he is replying, but he can't really filter himself. He can't stop himself from whimpering or pouting as Billy teased his entrance.

Steve doesn't want to stop and as he felt Billy pushed himself inside, Steve can't hide his moans from him. A part of him can process the weird shit Billy is saying, but the other part of him is begging for more.

The last thought Steve had after climaxing was that he hoped they could do it again.

The morning after everything was said and done, Steve couldn't help but felt both giddy and terrified at what had occurred. He wondered if Billy honestly wanted to do it again or maybe start something new with him.

Steve was a master at hiding his pain when Billy started to panic, and panic he did. He was about to run off like Steve was a leper or something.

In the end convinced Billy with no strings attached sex and a part of him hated himself for it. Sex was fine, but Steve's favorite part was afterwards when they would lay in bed together.

For a week they were great, they even kissed! It felt amazing to have someone to hold him and Billy even helped him with English.

Then like most relationships, Steve overstepped his boundary.

It was another party and Steve couldn't wait to see Billy again. Tommy talked him into some shots and it didn't help when Billy finally arrived.

Billy who was wearing this leather jacket that Steve couldn't wait to fling off. However, as they made their way to the bedroom Steve couldn't stop himself.

He was too drunk, way too drunk to pretend he just wanted sex. He wanted Billy to make love to him.

The moment those words were uttered out and he watched the shocked look on Billy's face as he ran out of the room, Steve knew he messed up again.

Like with Jessica and Rachel.

The uncertainty of their relationship made Steve sober up in an instant, he needed to find Billy and tell him it was a joke. He couldn't lose him, he needed him.

Steve glanced around the room, his eyes were starting to tear up as he panicked, he couldn't find him. Then someone tapped his shoulder.

"Are you alright?" Nancy asked and even though she was the sweetest person at the party, Steve didn't want her.

"I'm fine, had too much to drink." Steve lied as he smothered the urge to sob. He wiped any wetness from his eyes as he slipped back to being King Steve.

"Oh, then here. You probably need it more than I do." Nancy handed over an unopened water bottle, Steve has no idea where she got it.

"Thanks, well, I'll see you later." Steve smiled before he tried to find Billy. His throat was dry and the sour taste in his mouth helped him gulp down the entire water bottle.

He threw it away, and felt better. He could find Billy and tell him it was a prank or something. Pretend that him running away wasn't heartbreaking, just make everything a joke.

Then hollering pulled his attention, and there Billy was with Rebecca. Or as she is known in Hawkins, 'The Town's Bicycle' because everyone has taken a spin on her. Now so has Billy.

It made all hope Steve had disappeared, God he was an idiot. Billy wasn't his boyfriend, but still it hurt him to know that Rebecca got her hands on him.

They made eye contact from across the room, Steve couldn't handle it. He chugged the nearest red solo cup, hoping the strong taste of alcohol would wash away the sadness he felt.

He had to get away, far away from Billy and these unsure feelings he had. He drank and drank until he forgot why he was drinking in the first place, and suddenly he wasn't feeling so hot.

He was vomiting in the bathroom, the music was making his head hurt as he sat down next to the toilet. He hated to drink like this, but Tommy and Carol would look at him funny when he turned down a shot.

He didn't like this one bit, and he really wished Billy was there to help him. Then he remembered Billy wouldn't care, Billy shouldn't care.

Then there was a meek tapping at the door, not aggressive like someone who needed to use the can. There was a voice calling out to him, asking if he could open the door.

Scared and depressed, Steve unlocked the door and faced Nancy. Nancy who looked worried as she walked into the restroom, trying her best not to stare at his puffy eyes.

"Are you alright, are you actually alright?" She asked him and Steve just didn't know anymore. He broke down in tears and told her everything.

He felt glad she didn't run off in disgust or asked everyone to come in to hear what King Steve had done with Mr. California. She stayed with him even as he started to sober up to realized the cat was out of the bag.

Instead of hatred he met kindness in Nancy, he helped him drink more water after he told his tale.

"Steve, maybe it's for the best. He doesn't seem to really care for you so maybe you should break things off before you get too attached." Nancy rubbed his back as the party died down.

"You're right, I will set everything straight on Monday. Thank you." Steve told her, but he had no idea if he could.

"Here, just in case you need someone to talk to." Nancy ripped a piece of paper from the fridge and wrote her number onto it. It felt good to have someone on your side and she didn't shame him at all.

That weekend was agony for Steve, he sat by the phone hoping for something. Maybe Billy will call and ask to come over? Or possibly apologize and explain he was drunk?

However, as the hour passed by Steve knew he was kidding himself. Billy didn't want him the way that Steve wanted him.

Finally Monday came and Steve told himself that he was going to end everything. Yet seeing Billy again just made Steve question himself.

Did he even have a right to be angry? They weren't boyfriend, but the way that Billy kissed him and held him didn't help.

In a split decision Steve lied about being too drunk to remember. He noticed the frown on Nancy's face as he walked next to Billy, but he ignored it as he set up the study date.

Then everything changed, he must of scared Billy because now he wouldn't stay. He left Steve alone in the bed and it made him wonder how pathetic he was as he stared at his wall.

Sex was sex, but Steve knew he needed more. Yet the fear of losing Billy's touch was enough for him to pretend that everything was alright. It wasn't.

He ended up having to call Nancy and tell her everything. She said she wouldn't judge, but he knew he was disappointing her. Still, it was nice to have someone to talk to at least.

The next day Steve took the opportunity to pay for Billy's lunch, he needed him to know that he was more than a pretty face. Steve wanted Billy to know that he cared and that he could help him in anyway.

Tommy and Carol just had to butt in and talk about Nancy. He wasn't sleeping with her and he rolled his eyes at their teasing, hoping Billy got the message that nothing was going on between them.

Except Billy was looking at him, he was winking at Rebecca. In an instant Steve felt bitter jealousy as Tommy and Carol shifted the conversation to talk about Billy and Rebecca.

He tried to hide it with a forced smile, but it didn't matter. Nothing matter to Billy Hargrove!

He could only control his anger for a short time, pretending everything was alright as he played basketball. However, he couldn't look into those perfect blue eyes because the moment he did then Billy would know.

Know that Steve was close to losing his mind, that he would cry his heart out if they stopped because he has fallen head over heels for Billy.

When Billy finally catch up to him and called Steve out on his bullshit, well Steve knew he was right.

They weren't together, therefore he should enjoy this while it lasted. Steve apologized and took the blame, because what else could he do? He needed Billy after all.

Steve needed to change himself.

He needed to stop being clingy, and stop trying to make a relationship out of nothing. Sex was now just sex, or better yet fucking. He reached for the sheets instead of Billy and hoped it was enough.

Nancy helped a lot and even though she hated Billy's gut she never tried to interfere in whatever they had together. Plus it made Steve open his eyes to how much of a jerk he was, and now he wanted to

change.

He even got adventurous outside the bedroom and gave Billy a blowjob during a movie! He was doing his best to keep Billy happy, even if it made Steve a bit sad as he thought about it at night.

Then one day Nancy asked him why he hanged out with Billy, she knew the answer but it sort of put him on the spot.

'I don't know, you know?'

It was the perfect answer, because to people outside the conversation it sounded like they were just buddies. Billy should know he is joking when he said it like that, but the thing is that Billy doesn't hide his anger.

He slammed his locker and with a scowl he left for class. Steve spent the rest of the day thinking about what he could do to apologize to Billy, even though he wasn't sure what he was sorry about.

He needed to talk to Billy and as he raced towards him, Steve couldn't stop this wave of dread to hit him.

Billy didn't want to talk to him at all and as he broke up with him the mask that Steve wore broke. He couldn't help himself from showing his vulnerable side to Billy and Billy just laughed at him.

What hurt the most was what Billy planned in the first place. He got close to him in order to become the top dog at Hawkins, he even fucked Steve in order to achieve it.

As everything fell apart it made Steve really see that Billy Hargrove was a parasite. He latched himself onto Steve, made him dizzy and weak before leaving him to die.

The realization of it all hit him hard and the fact that Billy didn't even remotely like him hurt. He was okay with Billy using him, but evidence of his plan was too much for Steve.

Billy never liked him, Billy wanted to hurt him, Billy just didn't care.

He couldn't stop the feeling of his throat closing up, fuck his eyes

were watering. Billy didn't deserve to see him like this, to see how much pain he had brought him. The pain he wanted Steve to have.

Nancy was right, and he told him that. Fuck, he even told Billy that he really did liked him. Liked. Past Tense.

Billy looked shocked at the information that slid out of Steve's mouth, but he couldn't care anymore. He didn't want to care anymore.

With anger fueling him Steve spat out whatever came to mind, but ultimately he was exhausted. He didn't spare him a glance as he ran off, didn't want to give him that pleasure.

Billy was a heart breaker and Steve didn't know if his could be fixed.

7. A Real Mess.

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy just wants Steve back.

(Yikes, took me a while to write this. Sorry and thank you for being patient with me. Life is just, well you know. Please don't forget to leave a kudos and comment if you can!)

A heartbreak would be an understatement of what Billy was going through. It was dreadful to have the sudden realization that he had fallen head over heels for Steve, but now Steve wanted nothing to do with him.

Billy cannot pinpoint the exact moment he fell in love with Steve, but he recalled the thought that passed through his head when he first noticed it.

It wasn't even when they had sex, but instead they were just hanging out. Steve was ranting about their teacher and the crude joke Billy replied with made Steve laugh.

It felt nice to make Steve happy, to have him see Billy as a good thing and not just a bully. Compared to everyone else in his life, Steve was the only one who wanted to see the real Billy.

He would asked Billy how he got a certain scars as they laid in bed together in the beginning. Tracing them with his fingers as if he could unlock something within Billy to have him spill his guts to Steve.

Billy of course wouldn't and instead he would make up a story about getting into fights. It was half true, but the look Steve gave him almost made Billy want to tell the truth. Almost.

Billy thought that what he felt couldn't be what Steve felt, right?

At the time Billy thought there was no way in Hell Steve honestly love Billy. He was another lonely rich kid who needed Billy as a distraction.

Sort of like the girls in Malibu, who had daddy issues and wanted to date Billy as a giant 'fuck you' to their parents. They liked the idea of Billy, but they could never love him.

And Steve checked all the boxes. Pretty? Yes. Popular? Well, he is King Steve. Had daddy's money? The house he lived in was nicer than anyone else and he paid for everything all the time.

Billy thought he was a stereotypical rich kid, and chalked up Steve feelings as nothing more than wanting some fun with Billy.

Steve did explained it in the beginning about how he had no one else in Hawkins to touch him like that. So of course he would keep Billy close and probably try to make himself believe it was like a heterosexual relationship.

Denial was a textbook example of a closeted gay, and Billy would know.

He recalled the first crush he had in the first grade, Tyler, who had grey eyes and strawberry blond hair.

Billy didn't understand why he didn't like Sara, the prettiest girl in the class and who all the boys adored. Yet Billy comprehended that what he felt wasn't right, no one else in the class wanted to kiss the same sex.

So instead of following his heart, Billy dated Sara and had the worst week of his young life. She was demanding and spoiled to say the least. She wasn't even that pretty, she reminded him of a horse if he was being honest.

Still, it helped him adopt the ability to play the part of a cool bad boy throughout school. He stayed away from pretty boys like Tyler and chased skirts instead.

Whenever another student was being bullied or labeled a fag, Billy joined in. He didn't want to be in the same position as the poor soul, the world was cruel to people like him.

Years of playing the part has now failed him, because he wasn't like that.

He wanted to be in love, have the experience of finally being comfortable with the one person he cared about. See them everyday, have them smile at you because they felt the same way.

Now he could of had it, if only he wasn't such an asshole.

He spent so many years building walls and guarding himself that the moment someone climbed and peeked over it, Billy freaked out.

As if Billy threw whatever he could to ensure the trespasser would go away, not realizing that it was lonely being trapped within his own walls.

He hurt Steve, and he had no idea if he could ever gain that level of trust ever again.

Billy assumed the moment he dropped the bomb, that everything would change. That Steve would tell on him to the whole school, but the reckoning never came.

Steve couldn't start yelling to everyone about what they had because it would put him on the same level of Billy. There was no point in telling the school that Billy was gay if he too would also be marked as a fag.

Steve pretended, he acted as if nothing happened but Billy could tell that he wanted nothing to do with Billy. He would sit next to Tommy or Carol, never acknowledging Billy yet joined their conversation to keep up appearances.

He wouldn't even look at Billy, and when they played basketball Steve would pass the ball to anyone other than Billy. Hell, he would toss the ball to another player when Billy played on the other team and tried to get close to Steve.

A week passed and Billy wondered if Steve still cared. Maybe that is why he talked back to his dad and that Monday came to school with a black eye.

He needed to know Steve worried, because if he did then maybe Billy could save what they once had.

He marched down the halls, sporting the bruise almost proudly as he tried to find Steve.

The diminutive freshman didn't make eye contact, almost all of them were terrified of Billy. While fellow sophomores were more interested than anything else as they talked to each other.

And there Steve was, chatting with Carol and Tommy next to his locker like usual. God, he couldn't wait to see him but suddenly Billy felt nervous.

His mind started to go all over the place as he got closer to them.

What if Steve doesn't care? Does that mean it is really over? Is he destined to be alone until the day he dies?

Billy was behind Steve, Carol gasped when she saw him and Tommy was already asking him what happened. Finally Steve turned around to see what they were talking about.

Billy held his breath, trying his best to look calm even though his heart and brain were fighting each other.

Steve glanced at his face, then the moment he noticed the bruise his eyes changed. It almost made Billy want to cry how sad they looked, Steve still cared.

Even though Billy hurt him and said all of those horrible things Steve somehow looked distressed over the black eye he had.

That was all he need to know that maybe he did have chance. He just had to do something, but what?

Well, getting drunk was probably the worst thing to do. However, that Friday night there was another party and Billy was still playing

the role everyone thought he was.

Plus maybe he would see Steve and have a heart to heart, Billy really hoped for that.

The moment he walked into the party, Billy was dragged to the keg by Tommy. It was another keg stand competition and Billy had to beat the fat fuck who was guzzling down the beer like water.

No way in Hell was the record going to be broken by that asshole, and Billy wasted no time in getting his mouth around the nozzle. Gulping as much as he can as everyone start chanting his name.

Everyone already knew how good Billy was at kegstands and he made sure that they didn't forget. He is victorious, beating the previous kegstand record which doesn't shock him at all.

"Hey, where is Harrington?" Billy asked as Tommy is hollering like an idiot.

"At home probably dying of boredom, his folks are home for once and they like to pretend they are a normal family by having dinner together." Tommy explained as they made their way into the house and into the kitchen.

Rebecca from before is winking at him from across the room, but Billy ignored her. He didn't care anymore since he was using her as a way to get Steve jealous. God, he was acting like a petty little bitch.

"Dude, why aren't you drinking?" Tommy the fucking pest pointed out and Billy slipped back into his character.

"As if I would chug this shit, where is the good stuff?" Billy rolled his eyes as Tommy laughed. He was way too fucking annoying to talk to while sober.

God, he wondered what Steve was doing right now as Tommy handed over the vodka bottle. And as he poured his first shot he couldn't help, but imagine it.

Steve sitting at the dinner table talking to his parents as if they were a normal fucking family. Steve would be pretending that everything

was alright even though Billy hurt him.

He would probably talk about Nancy, the sweet smart girl who he talked to everyday. Then his parents would asked more about her, wondering why Steve wasn't dating her.

Then Steve would get this idea in his head, ponder what would happen if he did date Nancy. And sure enough the next time Billy sees Steve he has his arm wrapped around her tiny waist.

Steve wouldn't even make eye contact with Billy and fuck it is getting depressing with each passing second.

Billy turned his attention back to the shot, hoping the burn of the alcohol would distract him from the pain in his chest.

He could see it now, in five years top they would get married. In a fucking church no less and Billy would come even though it kills him to see Steve with her.

A part of him would hope they could run away with each other, but ultimately Billy would have to watch Steve slip that family heirloom on her dainty finger.

Billy swiftly poured another shot and gulped it down like it was water. Fuck, his mind is spiraling down into a pit of misery as he continued to imagine.

Steve working a five to nine job for his father, making enough money to have Nancy as a stay at home mom. They would have two perfect little kids, a boy and a girl just like the American dream.

White picket fence, a puppy for the kids and soon enough Steve will forget Billy. While Billy on the other hand will never forget him and every night remembered how he ruined everything.

Billy can't breathe, but that doesn't stop him from drinking. He needed to get drunk fast and with not really thinking he started to chug the remaining alcohol.

Tommy is cheering and hollering the loudest out of everyone and honestly Billy would love to beat his freckled face in.

Time seemed to pass quickly as the liquor made everything a little hazy. There is a sour taste in his mouth that Billy can't decide if it is from the vodka or the idea of Steve moving on.

Tommy is gone, probably getting more alcohol, and Billy is left standing next to Rebecca.

Her floral perfume smelled way too strong for Billy to handle, and she is wrapping her arms around his bicep. She leaned in to his ear and started to whisper all the things she would do for him.

Right now Billy just wanted to see Steve, and suddenly he got the right idea to do just that.

Billy shoved her off as fast as he could, not even caring a little bit as she started to cuss him out. The cow can go find some other dick to suck, he was a man on a mission.

Metallica is blasting through his speakers as he sped off into the night. He started to chuckle as a wave of giddiness start to arise, he couldn't wait to see Steve.

He could picture it now, Steve bored out of his mind then all of a sudden he comes to save him. They make up and they go to California together, far away from the life they both previously had.

Billy parked his car in the driveway in front of the house, and as he turned his car off Billy finally saw him.

Steve standing right outside the door with his hands on his hip, staring Billy down.

Billy is way too drunk to comprehend that Steve is not happy to see him. Nevertheless Billy gets out of the car, throwing his jacket off and into the front seat.

Tonight Billy spent a whole hour getting ready just in case Steve was going to show up. He wore his favorite shirt, unbuttoned like usual and even put on his special cologne that Steve liked.

"Am I dreaming or is that you Steve?" Billy asked with a sigh of relief. He was glad Steve was finally making eye contact with him again,

but he waited as Steve walked over to Billy.

"Yeah, it's me. Don't cream your pants." Steve rolled his eyes and Billy had to chuckle at the comment.

"Too late." Billy replied, wagging his tongue as Steve finally stood in front of him.

"What are you doing here? Jesus, you smell like my Aunt Sally on Easter." Steve pointed out, clearly upset and finally Billy noticed it.

"I had to," Billy started and in an instant he can't find the right words to say. Things like 'I am sorry' or 'It will never happen again' seemed like gilded promises even if he meant them deep within his heart.

Then another voice called out to Steve.

"Sweetie, is that your friend?" A woman who is no doubt Steve's mother said. She has the same brown hair and kind eyes as Steve, yet the way she held herself is a mixture of independent and maternal.

A business woman no doubt, and Billy doesn't know why but he wants to see. He wants to see the part of Steve that no one cared to see, how Steve is in front of his parents.

"Yeah, he is just wondering if he could borrow my notes." Steve effortlessly lied and the worry on his mother's face is gone.

Billy is probably appearing like a big brute with the way he is standing, and so Billy put on the charm instead.

"I didn't know Steve had a sister." Billy called out and Steve is glaring at him.

"Oh, I am his mother." She is clearly happy about the comment, and Billy is on autopilot since he is too drunk to really analyze what he should be doing.

"You don't say? Could of fooled me!" Billy is giving a husky chuckle and Steve is not impressed at all.

"Are you hungry? I made lasagna tonight and I would love to hear

how all about you two." Mrs. Harrington offered and Billy took it.

Mrs. Harrington swiftly went back into the house as Steve elbowed him in the ribs.

"What the hell are you doing? Billy, you can't come here uninvited and drunk. Oh, God my dad is going to kill me." Steve is tugging at his hair before giving up. What's done is done.

Billy is wasted, but he can control himself. Sometimes you need a shot of vodka to get through dinner at his house.

Billy felt like he is floating as he made it into the house, he had been here a dozen of times but tonight it felt different. Billy couldn't place his finger on it as he finally sat down at the table.

Mr. Harringrove had brown hair and a permanent frown on his face, he looked tired and didn't really care about Billy coming uninvited.

The martini he is nursing probably is the reason why and Steve is standing straight in his chair. Billy noticed the button up he is wearing and for a second pictured ripping it off him. He could practically hear the buttons falling to the ground.

"I hope you like pasta salad," Mrs. Harrington is cheerfully spooning a helping onto his plate. The food smelled alright, and after the lasagna is placed on his plate Billy started to eat.

"So, how did you meet Steve?" Mrs. Harrington started while Mr. Harrington sipped his drink.

"Well, I moved here from California and he asked if I wanted to sit with him on the first day." Billy explained as he took a bite of lasagna. It was cold in the center and clearly bought in a supermarket, but he still ate it.

"California, I hear it is beautiful." Mrs. Harrington replied as if she dreamed of going there once. For a second it seemed as though there was something bittersweet underneath those eyes.

"Yeah, Billy talks about it all the time. He also plays basketball with me and Tommy." Steve said, wanting to add something to the

conversation.

"Tommy and I," Mr. Harrington corrected and Steve frowned. Billy wondered if he was like that all the time.

"Are you any good?" Mr. Harrington added and finally looked at Billy. He seemed a bit interested and Billy had no idea why he had a sudden interest in him.

"He is really good, coach said he has a chance for a scholarship." Steve explained and instantly Mr. Harrington scowled.

"I am asking him, not you. Why don't you let him speak for a change?" Mr. Harrington was clearly an asshole, but Billy had to play nice.

"I think I am alright," Billy started and for the rest of the dinner the conversation focused on Billy for some reason. None of the parents even asked how Steve was doing in his classes or if how was his day.

Billy was as polite as he could be, but he caught this look in Steve's eyes as he played with his food. It made Billy worry.

Dessert was tiramisu which was a first for Billy, he never had anything liked it before. Mr. Harrington was in a better mood by the end of the dinner and it seemed he really liked Billy.

As Steve walked him back to his car Billy was sober enough to know how coming here was a terrible idea, but it was eye opening to say the least.

"Steve, I just wanted to let you know I am sorry." Billy wanted to bite his tongue, it just didn't feel sincere enough. He couldn't think of the words to properly explain how he felt.

"Yeah, sure whatever." Steve sighed as he scratched his head. He seemed too tired to care and Billy just wanted him to understand.

Just as Steve was about to turn away and go back into his house, Billy grabbed his shoulder.

"Steve, wait." Billy wanted to talk to him more, but Steve threw his

hand off his shoulder.

"It's fine, just don't make it a big deal anymore. And promise me you will not come here uninvited." Steve sighed, finally giving up.

"Alright, I promise not to do dumb shit like this. I am sorry if I hurt you." Billy spat the last part out and instantly he saw the anger Steve was holding.

"You are sorry if you hurt me? Then why the fuck did you want to hurt me in the beginning? I did nothing wrong to you, just get out of here." Steve grumbled as he walked back into the house.

Fuck, Steve was still hurting. Now he was hiding his true feelings from Billy and he had no idea what to do.

Steve is just like him, playing a character that they adopted at an early age. Billy just needed help to show Steve the real and honest to God Billy.

And there was only one person who could help him now-Nancy Wheeler.